

GREENBOOK

1965







The Greenbook
1965

*A Collection of the
Creative Writings
of the
Freshman Rhetoric Classes*



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The Greenbook
1965

W. J. Verner Dubcock
A Collection of the
Creative Writings
of the
Freshman Rhetoric Classes

The Greenbook

1995

A Collection of the
Creative Writings
of the

Freshman Rhetoric Classes

In Dedication

to

W. J. Verner Babcock

An Dedication

to

W. J. Ferner Babcock

A Profile of the Man



A Profile of the Man

Professor W. J. Babcock has built with Eastern Nazarene College for thirty-four years.

He has literally engineered the landscaping of our campus.

He has, with perserverance and prudence, developed a well-balanced, progressive biology department.

His keen insight into the basic issues of life has challenged his students to be open-minded.

He has felt it essential to aid the individual student in developing a philosophy of life as well as preparing him for a vocation.

And finally, he has integrated his Christian philosophy into every segment of his multi-directed life.

To him we dedicate the Greenbook 1965.

A Profile
of the Means

*In Acknowledgement
to
Miss Alice Spangenberg*

for her willing and cheerful advice

and assistance in the preparation of

the Greenbook 1965.

An Acknowledgment
to
Miss Alice Spangenberg

For the many kind words and letters

and interest in the project

the author

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1. Name of the person	John Doe
2. Address	123 Main St Anytown, CA 90210
3. Date of birth	01/01/1950
4. Sex	Male
5. Race	White
6. Height	5' 10"
7. Weight	180 lbs
8. Education	High School Graduate
9. Occupation	Teacher
10. Marital Status	Married
11. Number of children	2
12. Date of last contact	06/15/2023
13. Reason for last contact	Family reunion
14. Current location	San Francisco, CA
15. Date of entry	07/01/2023

Editorial

As the editor of the Greenbook 1965 I have felt that the Greenbook should emphasize and express our characteristic freshman experience. And, as a collection of the creative writings of our class, it is the truest measure of what our common experience is.

If any experience has been common to all of us, it has been the experience of building. As Shields Hall was being built we were awakened mornings by the hammering of nails and the cracking of bricks. We watched from our windows as the Manchester was torn down in preparation for the new Student Union. Some of us have even laid bricks and cut glass to build our campus greenhouse.

But our experience of building has been much deeper than these superficial experiences. Each of us has been intimately involved in building a philosophy of life. It would be convenient to choose a stage and say, "Here is the point where freshman are in building their philosophies of life," but, it is impossible. Rather, it is only in terms of foundations that we can describe this experience at building as a common experience.

What then are the common foundations on which we freshman are building? We freshman have two common bases for our experience of building. One is the Christian philosophy of the founders of our college; the other is our contemporary experiences.

The Christian philosophy of our founders was vital and dynamic. Because it was dynamic and because it has grown with our college, it is our basic foundation. Indeed, this idea of a dynamic Christianity so filled

Editorial

At the Editor of the *Journal*, 1881 I have had the pleasure

of receiving your issue of the 1st of the month, and

as a collection of the most reliable of the facts of the

country of the day, and

I am glad to say that your issue of the 1st of the

month of the year, at the time of the year, is very

interesting and valuable to the country of the

country of the year, and

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our founders that forty-three years ago they chose the ideal of the ceaselessly building Nautilus as the theme for the first E.N.C. annual.

As a foundation, our present contemporary experience is almost as equally important, for only in terms of present experience can the dynamic Christian philosophy be perceived, be acted upon and be experienced. The glimpse we catch of the seemingly lifeless form of a man sitting motionless in a subway station or a moment of contemplation as we sit in our rooms and look into ourselves are experiences which have affected and become the foundations of the lives and philosophies of us freshmen.

But where does this building end? In truth it never ends; it only leads us into the future. And here in the future, the total philosophy we have developed from the integration of our Christian heritage and our contemporary experience will be meaningfully interpreted in and through our lives.

James M. Cubie



Wondering

We have a heritage of
Christian philosophy
on which to Build.

We have a heritage of
Christian philosophy
on which to build.

Wondering

I had been hunting all day in the hills of southern West Virginia with my father. We hunted together during the morning hours, but in the afternoon and evening we separated and planned to meet back at the car late in the evening.

I was walking around a ridge toward the top of a hill with my shotgun on my shoulder and was eating an apple. It was a beautiful autumn day. The brilliantly colored leaves of the oaks, the hickories, the poplars, and the maples mixed with the green pine and deep blue sky created a scene beyond description. Not only did I feel a physical liberation, but also a mental and spiritual one as well. The mind always functions more freely and clearly upon release from the trivialities of everyday life.

Walking in deep thought, I suddenly stumbled onto an old cemetery at the top of the hill. It was very small and surrounded by an old rusty fence, bent and broken in many places.

Inside, the undergrowth was so thick that it hid many of the old tombstones. Two of the gravemarkers had crumbled from decades of weathering. The others were all covered by thick vines. Many of the markers had no names nor dates. They were simply flat rocks taken from that very hill and placed at the head as an eternal reminder of the one date that every man must keep with Mother Nature.

I watched an old lizard slither to the top of one tombstone and raise his small head, wondering what had invaded his private home. But when I

tried to catch him, he disappeared as quickly as he had come--through the thick vines and into the mystic realms of his own world.

I sat to rest on one old tombstone and looked about me in wonder. How many people even knew that this old cemetery existed? Over half of the graves were unmarked. Probably only the Creator himself could name them. None had ever reached any measurable success or fame. They had lived and died just as I would live and die.

But I wondered what characteristics, personalities, habits, and philosophies each of them possessed. How many volumes could be filled by the events of the lives represented here; events buried so deeply in the past?

No doubt they were born and reared within a few miles of this very spot. They had lived and played and worked and laughed and built and destroyed. They had loved and been loved, hated and been hated. They had known pain and hurt and loneliness and void existence. They once had tilled the moist earth, sweated in the scorching noon-day sun, and tasted a refreshing glass of cool water. And now they were no more, or...were they?

I sat there in silence for a long, long time. For one passing moment I thought I could see beyond the cold, barren tombstones and into the mysteries of life itself, but the crying of a crow overhead brought me back into reality.

The evening had come and brought with it a chilly breeze. The sun was beginning to set beyond the distant hills. For a few lingering moments, I basked in the quietness and solitude and mystery of that little grave-yard.

How many people have you met?

17517

I walked away slowly and again thought for a short time that I comprehended, but...suddenly it seemed more complex than ever. Then my stomach told me that I was hungry and soon I had forgotten it all.

Yet sometimes in those rare moments when I am all alone, thinking, it all comes back to me again. And I wonder, I really wonder.

Jim Kinder

I signed what was in my hand and I wrote down
completely out... I signed it and I wrote down
I signed it and I wrote down it all.
The signature is like a word, it is a word, it is a word.
At all times, to the world, and I signed it, I signed it.
The signature

My Introduction to the Nazarene Church

An everyday fallacy, a hasty generalization, may have changed my life. The remark many of my friends made when they learned that I was going to go to a Nazarene Church some Sunday was somewhat like this: "You've got to be kidding, Susie, you're not really going to that revivalistic church, are you?" "Yea, I'm going to go and get revived or something," I answered them jokingly.

Last year, although both my best friend Patti and I were members of a church (Patti a member of the Nazarene Church and I a member of the Episcopal Church), we made the rounds of various churches as many teenagers do. Catholic, Lutheran, Presbyterian, and Episcopal churches were among those that we visited. We thought it only fair that we visit "Patti's church" also, at least one Sunday. Anyway, I was curious to see this "Holy Roller" Church that Patti so vividly described to me.

Before we went, Patti warned me that we would be apt to go into hysterics (as we so often did those days) if Reverend Wilson gave one of his famous altar calls. Sometimes, when he was getting ready to give an altar call, Reverend Wilson got so carried away with his preaching that he jumped right up on the altar rail! Patti also told me that Nazarenes are very emotional. The congregation often cried during the service. They even shouted out such things as "praise the Lord" and "Amen". When

My introduction to
the Chasarens Church

I heard that, I was sure I wouldn't be able to control myself. With all these concepts in my mind, I went to Trinity Nazarene Church one Sunday in May.

Because I expected something different or at least entertaining, I must have paid extra attention to what was being said. To my surprise, I found that I didn't go into hysterics but instead became deeply engrossed in every story Reverend Wilson related to us. Soon, I began attending regularly with pleasure. Trinity Nazarene Church became very inspirational to me. Each week I went and listened attentively to Reverend Wilson's sermons. Each week I found myself liking it more and more.

Because of my growing interest in evangelism, I declined my acceptance at a "big name" college in favor of attending Eastern Nazarene College. My refusal to accept this fallacy of hasty generalization has made a big difference in my life.

Susan Seyfarth

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I am still the same old me, but I have learned a few things along the way. I am still working hard, but I am also taking time to relax and enjoy life. I hope you are doing the same. I would love to hear from you soon. Write back when you have a chance. I am always here for you. Love, [Name]

[illegible]

From Darsonage to Darsonage

The house was empty. Each piece of furniture had been taken away. The bare floors seemed to shiver without the comfort of rugs and sturdy chairs and people's feet to warm them. The windows stared vacantly without the shade of printed curtains or house plants on the sill to cheer them. My heart sank.

"Good-bye," I whispered softly. Good-bye to all those memories and dreams that lived here. Tomorrow we will stand in another empty house. There we will again cover the bare floors and walls with the joy of life, and it will no longer be an empty house, but a house filled with new hopes and dreams and cherished by those who live there.

So it has been with my life. My parents and I have left many an empty house behind us and have filled many another empty one with the joy that God bestows on those who are in His service. My father is a minister.

The life of a minister's family is like none other. It is a thrilling, yet sobering experience that can be realized only by those who live it. My father was an old-fashioned Southern evangelist who pounded the pulpit and shouted with the seekers at the altar. I can remember as a child being thrilled to see those seeking God bow at an altar, and I used to cry for them and for myself. The importance of the altar of prayer was impressed upon me greatly. At the tender age of four, I made my decision for Christ.

Being uprooted every two weeks was a burden on our family, but God's hand was always upon us, even in our darkest hours. I remember, especially, one bitter cold day in midwinter when I was only three years old. We were traveling through the Blue Ridge Mountains with a trailer hitched to our car. On one side of the road was a five hundred foot drop-off; on the other, the steep side of the mountain. The roads were very icy and we were moving very slowly. As we began to climb an especially steep slope, we saw up ahead the form of a huge truck stopped in the middle of the road. The driver waved his hand and shouted at us frantically.

"Go back! Go back! My brakes won't hold much longer."

Because of the trailer we could not go either way. My father made my mother and me get out and start walking. I was terrified, but I didn't understand the full extent of the danger that faced us. I can still see my mother half-dragging, half-carrying me, terrified and freezing up the side of that mountain. But, again, the Lord had His hand on us, and He sent help in the form of another truck to tow both vehicles up the mountain.

When I began school we settled down and Dad began to pastor churches. Our traveling days were over, but the thrill of working with and for people lived on. Dad still preaches his pulpit-pounding, shouting messages, and probably always will. We all still rejoice to see souls finding Christ. There have been discouraging days too, but the courage to face them has come from beyond ourselves. I have seen my father cry and pray over a congregation of disinterested self-satisfied church members. I have seen my mother bite her lip as she set out to make a new home out of an old misused house. But we have fought our battles together as a family, and God has blessed us more than we can tell.

The life of a minister and his family can be a bewildering mixture of love, sadness, rejoicing, and sometimes, utter confusion. And yet there is something wonderful about the pride I feel when I say,

"My father is a minister."

To follow the Lord's leading and do His will is the greatest privilege on earth. For the Bible says,

"As the Father hath sent me, so send I you."

Donna Younce

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Living Goodness

The word of God teaches that goodness is a vital and important expression of the Christian life. In the person of Jesus Christ goodness reaches to infinity, and the Scriptures bear abundant testimony of His unbounded goodness. Goodness should be of such major importance in our lives that as we move about we remind people of Jesus Christ. Goodness is forgiveness in action, conscientious consideration, and selfless generosity. It is genuine, interested, and cheerful. Goodness is a life that glows from a heavenly light. It is the pure light of the indwelling flame of the indwelling Spirit. True goodness is like the glow-worm in that it shines when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it. Goodness is love in action, love with its hand to the plow, love with a burden on its back. It is love carrying medicine to the sick, and food to the famished. It is Thomas Dooley, Helen Keller, and Albert Schweitzer. It is love reading the Bible to the blind, and explaining the gospel to the felon in his cell. It is love in the Sunday school class, or in the ragged school. It is love at the hovel door, or sailing far away in the missionary ship. Goodness is all this and more. But, whatever form it takes or task it performs, it is still the same: love following the footsteps of Christ, "Who went about continually doing good." Our spiritual life sets us free to do good.

Forrest Ward

Living Goodness

The world has been told that goodness is a thing to be
taught in the schools of life. In the hands of some better men
it has become a habit, and the children of the world have
of it as much as of any other thing. It is a habit of the
heart, and it is a habit of the mind. It is a habit of the
body, and it is a habit of the soul. It is a habit of the
life, and it is a habit of the death. It is a habit of the
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poor, and it is a habit of the rich. It is a habit of the
weak, and it is a habit of the strong. It is a habit of the
fearful, and it is a habit of the fearless. It is a habit of the
doubting, and it is a habit of the believing. It is a habit of the
hesitating, and it is a habit of the acting. It is a habit of the
sorrowing, and it is a habit of the rejoicing. It is a habit of the
weeping, and it is a habit of the laughing. It is a habit of the
crying, and it is a habit of the shouting. It is a habit of the
singing, and it is a habit of the dancing. It is a habit of the
walking, and it is a habit of the running. It is a habit of the
standing, and it is a habit of the sitting. It is a habit of the
lying down, and it is a habit of the getting up. It is a habit of the
going, and it is a habit of the coming. It is a habit of the
leaving, and it is a habit of the staying. It is a habit of the
starting, and it is a habit of the stopping. It is a habit of the
beginning, and it is a habit of the ending. It is a habit of the
first, and it is a habit of the last. It is a habit of the
beginning, and it is a habit of the ending. It is a habit of the
first, and it is a habit of the last.

The Tree of Life

"Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about."¹ The twig asked the leaf what the matter was. The little leaf said that the wind had told him some day it would pull him off and throw him down to die on the ground. The twig told the branch and the branch told the tree, and then the tree heard it, it sent word back to the little leaf, "Do not be afraid: hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." The little leaf stopped sighing and every time the wind stirred the leaves, he danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull him off. "And so it grew all summer long until October."

And when autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves becoming very beautiful. "Some were yellow and some were scarlet and some striped with both colors." The tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." The little leaf began to want to go and grew very beautiful thinking of it. He noticed the branches of the tree had no color in them and asked them why they were lead-color. The branches answered, "We must keep on our work clothes for our life is not done; but your clothes are for a holiday, because your tasks are over." "Just then a puff of wind came, and the little leaf let go without thinking of it," and it whirled,

1. The parable "Anxious Leaf", by Henry Ward Beecher, was taken from The World of Proverb and Parable, by Paxton Hood, page 533, Volume 808.8, Eastern Nazarene College Library. I condensed the parable but did use a few of the original phrases and sentences.

twirled "and fell into a dream, and never awakened to tell what it dreamed about."

This beautiful parable by Henry Ward Beecher illustrates symbolically the life of man.

Man sighs and cries through life when trials and troubles surround him. The family of man gathers in about him to comfort his anxious heart but this comfort is not enough. He searches continually and seeks comfort in friends, but friendship doesn't always offer peace, patience and gentleness. And the Devil is never far away, blowing the storms of temptation into life. However, if man goes ahead with a steadfast hope, his restless stirring, seeking and sighing reaches into the outermost branches and the innermost roots of the tree of life; his soul is found, and his God answers. "Do not be afraid: hold on tightly." So man stops his sighing and crying and nestles down into the heart of God and true peace, to pass through life in contentment. There are still many questions, still hardships, but he remembers the words, "Do not be afraid: hold on tightly."

The autumn of his life comes and the man is old, while other men are young and just beginning to seek comfort. He still rests in faith and the beautiful, meaningful promises of God. He begins to look forward to his reward because he knows his tasks are over. The sweet breath of death blows and the man passes into a sleep. Unlike the leaf, he will not dream. Man will awake, and if, during his mortal life he made his peace with his God, he will meet his Lord after death.

Carol Steinmeyer

defined and will have a more and more tendency to self-reliance

and more

This is the first of the three main sections of the book

the life of man

The first of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

The second of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Third of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Fourth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Fifth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Sixth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Seventh of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Eighth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Ninth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Tenth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Eleventh of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Twelfth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Thirteenth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Fourteenth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Fifteenth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Sixteenth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Seventeenth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Eighteenth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Nineteenth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Twentieth of the three main sections of the book is the life of man

Spiritual Growth

As winter draws to a close and spring becomes a reality, the once homely catapillar emerges from its cocoon. The free spirit for which this creature so longs, though, is not yet a reality. But with a determined spirit and seemingly endless hours of struggle, it emerges. Patiently the creature waits as the sun dries its wet and exhausted wings. Then the colorful wings begin to spread and, with one graceful flutter, the now butterfly moves from his small, limited world into a new dimension. The new creature is ignorant of the fact that a similar experience has taken place in the lives of many human beings. We, too, as growing Christians, after much struggle and determination, spread our wings and rise with the butterfly, from one dimension to another.

Dottie Poole

Alphabetical Growth

As a person grows in letters and words, he becomes a writer, the two
words are closely connected. The first step is to write the letters of the
alphabet in order, and then to write the words. The next step is to write
sentences, and then to write paragraphs. The final step is to write
books. The growth of a person in letters and words is a process of
learning, and it is a process that takes time. It is a process that
requires practice, and it is a process that requires patience. It is a
process that requires a good teacher, and it is a process that requires
a good book. The growth of a person in letters and words is a process
that is essential to the growth of a person in all other things. It is
a process that is the foundation of all learning, and it is a process
that is the key to all knowledge. It is a process that is the heart of
all education, and it is a process that is the soul of all culture.

Bottom Page

It's for the Birds

In the highly civilized community of birds, a young bluejay and robin have been found playing together much to the horror of Mrs. Bluejay. She immediately rushes out, whisks up her offspring, and brings him home. The first monologue opens as soon as they reach home.

"Junior, how many times do I have to tell you not to go near those robins? Don't you know that your father and I don't like them? You never listen to a single word. Why it seems that it was just the other day that we warned you never to go near them again; and what did you do? I'll tell you what you did! You did exactly as you pleased and directly disobeyed us. What is the matter with you? Surely you can see that they're not as good as we are. You can't be that void of intelligence. I thought that any fool could tell at a glance that their tree isn't half as big and leafy as ours, and besides, rumor has it that Mrs. Robin doesn't keep up her nest! They aren't even the same color as we are, and that's the most important thing. What's wrong with the other little bluejays in our tree? I declare! I don't know what's ever going to become of you. You can be sure that when your father comes home, he will hear about this. As far as I'm concerned you can just go right to bed without any supper. Now march before I put you there myself."

The next monologue takes place in the Robin's nest.

"There, there, don't cry, my dear little one. Everything's going to be all right. I'm not angry at you for wanting to play with your little bluejay friend, but we must remember that big bluejays and big robins

It's for the birds

[illegible]

don't always get along even if the fledglings do. We can't always have everything we want, you know. If Mrs. Bluejay doesn't want you near the nest, then you'd better stay away. Hush now, please don't sob so. I know it's hard for you to understand now, but later on when you're big, you'll understand. This is life, my precious, and we must accept it if we are to live. You know, the bluejays aren't really any better than we are at all, they just think they are because they're bigger and blue. Things just haven't been the same around here since Mr. Bluejay overheard those humans arguing about racial prejudice (or something like that). Now he has convinced every bluejay in the forest that they are the best and it is doubtless that they should rule. Even though we all know it's wrong, there's nothing that can be done. So take it in your stride like an eagle: there are lots of other little robins to play with."

Kathleen Tenny

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There Is a Tree

There is a tree in Philadelphia. It is old now and its branches are bare. Yesterday a small boy climbed among its branches and he caressed the rough bark and it became his horse. And he rode his horse hard, this little Paul Revere, until the seat glistened on its back. Then he stroked it and sang a small boy's lullaby. Beneath the tree is a rambling vine that yielded roses yesterday. So sweet were the roses that a small girl pressed them to her nose. She delighted in the softness and in a little girl manner she touched one to her tongue. Since she should not climb the tree she arranged her family around it, and it became her home where she crooned to her babes.

There was another child who saw the tree in Philadelphia yesterday, but he didn't climb it and he didn't kiss a rose. He cannot smell the hay prepared for the horse or taste sweet wine from a rose cup. The fragrance of roses cannot reach the back of the bus. The mossy grass cannot be touched beneath the tree. The black child clenches his small fists.

Today a man was killed beneath the tree. People say it was his own fault because he was a fool. They say he should not have been there. They do not blame the man who shot him because he was provoked to rage. Accidental man-slaughter they called it when a black man's warm blood flowed across the barren ground. Accidental man-slaughter when his flesh tore open and his empty hands groped to his God. A man was killed because

he longed to recall a dream from yesterday. His blood was shed because a small boy clenched his fists in resentment and desired to feel cool grass between his toes; because he longed to sing the softness of a rose.

There is a tree in Philadelphia and it is barren and cold. And it smells no longer of roses or of hay or of children. The songs of the tree are gone and will not return. It is winter now. A man was killed today and a small boy's dream died. The smell of the tree is blood and its only song is a melancholy dirge shaken on a Salvation Army tambourine.

It has begun to snow and the snow will hide the blood and the cold will hide the smell and the wind will hide the song. But a man has died and no one can hide that.

Barbara Davis

rose.

[illegible]

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The Supreme Court and School Prayer

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof..." (Amendment I of the Constitution.)

Recently the New York State Board of Regents composed a nonsectarian prayer for use in public schools. This prayer was designed to satisfy the protests of parents who oppose Bible reading in class. The intentions of the Regents were noble.

Later the Supreme Court banned prayer on the grounds that it was a violation of the Constitution. Immediately there arose a storm of protest over the ruling. The widespread opinion was that the court was atheistic; many even said that it was Communist-controlled.

It seems that people did not comprehend the full meaning of the decision, which although unpopular, probably did us a far greater service by leaving religion to the clergy than by handing it over to the politicians, who get hold of just about everything else. Does anyone who called the Supreme Court ruling atheistic actually consider these nine eminent men of the bench godless? Surely these judges, more than any other group, were conscious of the probable result and the controversies that would arise. Nevertheless, they upheld the Constitution.

The weight of tradition rests heavily on the Court. Each member has a duty to his predecessors, to his constituents, and to his own conscience.

The Supreme Court had to be just. It did not make a rash decision. The Court did not ban prayers in schools; it only banned prayers written by public authorities for use in public schools.

As a conclusion I will bring out three points that this case reveals. First, the American people or at least some of them have little or no faith in the law, be it moral or legal. A greater trust in the judiciary would incite some thought about reasons, instead of invoking thoughtless protest.

Second, our Supreme Court is the most courageous body in the land. It must have been hard for most of the justices to vote as they did, but what about the results of the opposite choice? The power vested in a school board will eventually come down to a political level. A man with good intentions, but in the wrong vocation, can do more harm than good.

Last, the greatest strength in our federal system is that the judges are appointed, not elected. An elected official is bound by political pressure organizations; if he wants his job, he must follow their wishes. But sooner or later, in the interests of legal and moral justice, one has to crusade alone. Merely being in a majority does not make one right. Only a just cause can bring justice.

Bernard Zilinskas

Our Windows

No man is ever truly integrated into any society. Each individual has his own protective walls which isolate him from all other inhabitants of our planet. These walls have windows connecting the enclosed being with his external environment. These windows, however, are not of the common clear-paned construction. Rather, each one is differently shaded to admit only select rays of light. These differences in shading form the basis of creativity; they are also the key to human understanding. There is a window of wisdom. This is a most delicate mechanism. The slightest injury to it caused by hate or prejudice may make the mind permanently impervious to reason and perspective. Men who shutter this window become useless to themselves as well as to society. There is a window of knowledge. It must be constantly pampered and nurtured if the window is to remain unclouded. Important considerations for its care are curiosity and alertness. This window must be constantly cleared by usage lest its hinges become rusty. Finally, there is the window without which all others would be meaningless -- the window of love. This emotion provides the fuel on which the mind operates; terminate the supply of love and the being becomes sluggish and lifeless. Soon, without love to cleanse these windows, all light -- wisdom, knowledge, and reason -- would be kept out.

Sonya Dyke

Windows

There is a great deal of interest in the subject of windows.

They are the great life-giving element in a building.

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They are the great life-giving element in a building.

Our Life - Shall It Be Shallow or Deep ?

There are many things that attract the attention of small boys. I remember the thrill of walking by the Columbia River in Washington State. This river whispers instead of rumbles. One cannot hear the sound of the water until he is a few yards away. Because of its swift, silent movement, the Columbia River is very useful to man. A person traveling along the course of the river will soon see gigantic hydro-electric plants, and extensive irrigation projects that are reclaiming hundreds of thousands of acres of land. The Columbia is important to the fishing industry as well.

A person might well ask, why does such a mighty river run so quietly? The answer is this: thousands of years ago, the Columbia cut its bed wide and deep and clear of any obstructions which would hinder its flow.

Another river I remember flowed behind the ranch where I once worked. This river was shallow, full of log jams and many other obstructions, and could be heard from a great distance. But this river was of no real value to anyone because each spring as its course changed, it eroded away more topsoil. Its course could not be predicted from one year to the next.

The two rivers make me think of two kinds of people--those who, like the Columbia, think quietly and deeply; and those whose course is noisy, unpredictable and shallow.

Our Life - Shall it
be Shallow or
Deep?

A deep person has, in the early years of his development, cleared away the "log jams" and other obstructions that might impede his thinking and obscure the truth. He has cut his river bed of thought deep by studying the ideas of other great men and judging and applying these ideas in his own life. This person will be productive and useful in many ways. He will not seek attention, because he is confident and knows his abilities.

On the other hand, the shallow thinker has never bothered to clear away the rubbish from the river, himself. He thinks on the surface of everything and noisily proclaims his presence. He fails to cut the river of his life deep. Such people do not leave their marks on history.

Now let us examine ourselves. Are we quiet and deep, or noisy and shallow? During our few years in college we must decide which of the two paths we will take. As the river, when it is born, winds its own course, so must we decide what the depth and path of our lives shall be.

James Havens



We have a basis
of contemporary
experience on which
we are Building
our philosophy of life.

We have a basis
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One April Moment

It was a Saturday morning in April. I forget which one now. I was nine years old and really in the prime of life. As I awakened, I did not open my eyes for a moment. I could tell it was a beautiful day by the orange and red spots dancing across my closed lids. The brightness of the room made me blink for a few minutes. This was nothing like the gray rainy mornings we had had all week. I thought about what a coincidence it was that nice days always come on Saturdays. My eyes came to rest on the desk and I noticed my books lying there. I turned my head towards something prettier -- the pink and white curtains at the window.

Just then the smell of bacon and cinnamon toast drifted into my room along with the sound of my father's voice. I jumped out of bed and ran to the breakfast table. After gulping down the meal in a minute or so, and making sure that the dog had not left any of my egg on the floor, I rushed to get dressed. I pulled on my dirty bermudas, which were more patches than pants, and put on my favorite shirt. My mother never could understand why I loved that faded flannel shirt so. I had a little trouble with the buttons and to compensate for the loss of my valuable time, I didn't bother to tuck it in.

A few minutes later I was walking down the steps in front of my house, carefully dodging and ducking the Spalding the boys were using to play "stoop-ball". Stickball was more my sport and I dashed to the school yard, hoping I wasn't late to get chosen in. They needed a second

One April Moment

It was a Saturday morning in April. I remember it well. I was alone in my room, and I was sitting at my desk, writing. The door was open, and I could hear the sound of the rain falling on the roof. The light was soft, and the air was fresh. I was feeling a little lonely, but I was also feeling a little happy. I was thinking about the future, and I was thinking about the past. I was thinking about the people I loved, and I was thinking about the people I had met. I was thinking about the things I had done, and I was thinking about the things I had learned. I was thinking about the life I was living, and I was thinking about the life I wanted to live. I was thinking about the world I was in, and I was thinking about the world I wanted to be in. I was thinking about the future, and I was thinking about the past. I was thinking about the people I loved, and I was thinking about the people I had met. I was thinking about the things I had done, and I was thinking about the things I had learned. I was thinking about the life I was living, and I was thinking about the life I wanted to live. I was thinking about the world I was in, and I was thinking about the world I wanted to be in.

baseman and there I was, even if I couldn't hit the ball so well. The heat of the sun felt good on the part of my legs between my bermudas and my socks. We had an exciting game and I was ecstatic when Marty asked me to play on his team for the second game.

We had been playing for what seemed like just an hour when my little sister came to tell me that dinner was getting cold and that mother was getting warm. I ran home as fast as my legs could carry me. My mother's anger subsided when she saw me panting and all she could do was scold me for running. After all, I could have fallen and hurt myself.

I went to wash my hands, astonished that my mother had been so lenient with me. She wasn't so bad after all; the dinner was delicious and I had double helpings of everything, including my sister's dessert. I finished just in time to watch the cartoons.

"Mickey Mouse" and "Casper" were my favorites. I curled up in a ball close to the screen, but my father made me move back--eye strain and all that. The pillows on the couch were just as comfortable, though; and this way I could eat potato chips. Mother would never let me eat them on her rug.

After my T.V. programs, I was ready to go to sleep. I got into my flannels and let my clothes fall to the floor. Then came the ritual of scrubbing behind the ears and brushing up and down instead of sideways. As I slipped between the cold white sheets, I thought to myself what a perfect day I had spent and this was the most wonderful moment of all, simply because it was Spring, it was Saturday, and I was nine years old.

Sonya Dyke

An Incident

On a cold, rainy Thanksgiving night I stood in complete bewilderment in the New York City bus terminal. Masses of humanity were squeezed and packed into the four floors of this massive terminal. I stationed myself at one of the more than three hundred gates, hoping desperately to meet my sister from Baltimore. There was little else to do but observe the chaos created by thousands of other people just like me.

There was hardly enough room to stand. The smoke was so heavy that I could barely see the big clock twenty feet away. Announcements blared over dozens of amplifiers, but no one had time to listen. Outside on a concrete platform, hundreds of buses rolled out. Children were screaming, couples were embracing, people were pushing and being pushed. Yet in many ways this chaos was fascinating. Here were people whom I had never seen before and would never see again. They made brief appearances on the stage before me, then vanished forever into the cold night outside.

Suddenly a fat Negro lady forced her way to the wall where I was standing. She was dragging a large, black suitcase. Having shoved it against the wall, she sat down on it. From an old purse she took a large handkerchief and wiped her brow and neck. She began mumbling to herself, "My God, my God!" she repeated over and over again as she wiped her brow and neck.

She wore a dark blue coat and a large black hat; her shoes were wet and torn. She kept staring at the feet of those who were passing, and as she talked to herself I noticed that she was also crying. No one else

noticed her there. People were racing against time.

Suddenly she looked up at me. I was a little ashamed because I had been staring at her. I smiled back unconsciously, whereupon she began talking to me as if in need of a listener.

"Oh, my God, there is nothing left to live for anymore," she said. "How come bad things always happen to the good people?"

What was there to say? Finally I asked, "Where are you headed?"

"To Philly," she said. "to see my daughter. I hate to go to Philly and leave my husband, but there ain't no other choice."

"No other choice?" I replied.

"You see, my husband has only one week to live; he's full of cancer. He wants me to go to my daughter's home in Philly until he dies. He doesn't want me to see him die."

She dried her eyes and then continued.

"I told him I wouldn't leave him alone, but he said if I didn't go to Philly that he would leave home himself. He knows he's going to die and he won't go to bed 'cause he knows there's no hope. The doctors couldn't do nothin' for him at all. Oh my God," she said.

The people were still pushing and shoving, the children were still screaming and the rain was still coming down -- but I did not notice it so much now.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am." But she did not seem to hear me.

"My husband's here at the station now, to make sure I get on that bus."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, he'll be right back; he just went to the rest room."

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Then she turned away from me and started to cry. I was speechless and could only stare at her.

A few minutes passed and I found myself looking for her husband in that great throng of people. I forgot that I was looking for my sister from Baltimore. Then I saw him: He was only about ten feet away and he was fighting to make his way to the wall. His wife also saw him coming. She dried her face with the big handkerchief, and looked up as if she had never been crying.

The man looked almost inhuman. His long, gray hair almost covered his ears and neck. His eyes were a fiery red, apparently from pain and lack of sleep. His old brown coat and torn brown hat could not hide his thin, frail body. His face was expressionless, except for a cold, hard stare.

The fat Negro lady stood and grabbed the old black suitcase. She broke down and cried and reached out to her husband, but he shrugged away and put his hands in his overcoat pocket.

"The bus is here," she said.

"Then you'd better hurry or you'll miss it," he replied.

She reached over and kissed him on the cheek, and gave him one last look. Only a few people noticed that kiss. The crowd went pushing by.

The lady turned, crying, and went out gate forty-seven to catch a bus for Philadelphia. The man watched her momentarily. Then he turned into the throng of rushing people, and disappeared in the cold night outside--to die!

Jim Kinder

There was a sound as if some one was speaking.

and could not speak at all.

A few minutes passed and I heard again the sound of
feet upon the stairs. I forgot that I was looking for the light
for a moment. When I saw him I saw him with the feet upon the stairs
and I started to run to the wall. He was still there and the light
She did not know what she was doing. She looked at me as if she was

over her head.

The man looked almost human. He was tall and thin
his eyes were a light blue, apparently from pain and
lack of sleep. His face was pale and his hands were cold and
thin, frail, empty. He took the photograph, looked at it, and
then.

The fat man who stood and watched the old man's actions. The
broke down and cried and reached out to the man, but he stopped
and put his hands in his overcoat pockets.

"You are the man," he said.

"Then you'd better know what you're doing," he replied.

The man who was standing in the crowd, now with his one foot
looked at a few people noticed that this. The crowd was moving
and I saw him. He went out and I saw him in the crowd
but for the moment. The man who was standing in the crowd
into the crowd of waiting people, and disappeared into the crowd outside—

or did!

A New Breed !

The soft brown, partially decayed pine needles feel like sponge beneath my shoes. The hard frozen ground underlying this layer of down is seen to emerge along side the water-lapped, icy shoreline at the base of Kakeout Mountain. To my right the granite core of the rock-spotted mountain hangs out beyond its earthy, tree-laden wrap in the form of sheer cliffs. Its tapered form rises to the fluffy white clouds that occasionally seem to brush the distant peak.

My white breath is quickly whisked away by the crisp morning breeze that has been nipping at my nose and finger tips since I left the house.

My dog is with me. He is **sniffing** at everything that appears to need investigating. His long brown ears seem to perk up at every unusual sound. He is an average sized, multi-colored, long-furred animal, a happy conglomeration of breeds from hound to collie. Right at this particular moment he looks like an adventurer in quest of excitement that has been left behind countless ages ago.

A green-necked mallard is flushed out of his long undisturbed hiding spot. His wings give off with a drumming sound that echoes in my startled ears long after the bird is out of sight. The dog gives a short condescending chase, but stops in disgust at the water's edge with full knowledge of his inability to fly. We stand and watch as the bird glides down onto an island covered with naked trees and thick underbrush which stands across the deep blue channel.

We continue on. As we reach that portion of the rocky shoreline that

juts out into the lake, the dog stops and sits down panting. He looks up at me with a pensive look that says, "Aren't you going to stop awhile?" I sit too.

I feel the penetrating cold slip up from the rock, but as my eyes drift across the water to scan the tree-skirted shoreline, my mind begins to wander. Here in this same place, before men came with their machines to dam up the water, my great-grandfather cleared away the underbrush and rocks to plant his hay in the meadow that once stood here. My grandfather, with his scythe in hands, cleared the fields of the crops at season's end. My father and I have stood on this very rock. Here he has told me of these things. He told me too of days when, as a young boy, he trapped the main stream and its tributaries that once ran through the meadow but now feeds this reservoir. He told me of these things in a voice that was happy with the remembrance of these events.

I am home now, during a recess from college. I think of the knowledge that I have acquired from books and from learned folks. This is much more knowledge of the world in general than any one of my forebearers held at one time. But I am afraid I am missing that insight into the world which my ancestors knew before me. I sit here and ponder. Is it that important? I guess I'm from a new breed. "Come on, fellah!" It's a big, wide, wonderful, but different world.

Robert Trent

1977 1791

Memories

Having been sent up to the attic for some Christmas decorations, I began to think of all the old memories held in these stored-away items.

Over there in the corner, hanging from a nail in the rafters, were my grandfather's old saddlebags. My Dad used to tell me of the days when grandfather would ride horseback from church to church as an evangelist. I always could picture grandfather sitting on his horse and waving good-by to my Dad. Then grandfather would ride away sitting straight and proud in the saddle, never returning for weeks. I often wonder what would become of me if I was living in that day and age.

I guess I'd better find those Christmas decorations or Mom will be wondering what happened to me. Oh, look at all those old airplane models; they sure bring back happy memories. This blue one here used to do loops and fly upside down. Too bad it had to crash - but it wasn't my fault. How was I to know that the wires were ready to break? This broken up yellow plane was just a flash in the sunlight as it flew. Funny how I lost interest in planes after a year's time.

Oh, here is all my camping equipment! Look at all the dust! That equipment surely has seen plenty of action. Those times the fellows would sit around the campfire at night and tell scary ghost stories would make me shiver and move closer to the fire. Mosquitoes would give us fits, not to mention the spiders crawling up the side of our tents, and the ants getting into our sleeping bags. It is funny what I endured as a small boy.

Why, here is my old electric train. It has been a long while since this

Memories

How do you want to be remembered?

There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

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There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

There is no one who can tell you that.

has been running. Too bad it doesn't delight some young boy as it did me. Maybe I'll give it to one of my kids if I ever get married. I've a good mind to put this train around the Christmas tree this year, but I guess I don't have the time since I have to study for my exams. Oh, well, maybe next year.

Well, here are the Christmas decorations, and my Mother is calling--- so long, memories!

Paul R. Albright

don't have the space to give for every well-meaning
thing, but this train shows the children that it's not
Navy's fault. I've a good idea of the kids in the per-
sonal. The man is honest, but you have to be a little

My love are the children, my mother is still in

100

1. 10-11-1944 . 7. 10-11-1944

Standing in the Need of Prayer

The worst thing about E.N.C. is my roommate. When I want to write a composition, he bursts into song. When I put my feet on my desk, he throws my slippers at me so I won't get too comfortable. When I want to study, he wants to talk about the blond in his biology class. Worst of all, when I want to sleep, he gets up at four o'clock in the morning to type out his Biblical History notes. For this difficult situation I keep a pair of shoes near my bed which I aim with bleary-eyed accuracy at his head. But his most disgusting habit is beating me. Whether we go bowling or play tennis, badminton, or ping-pong, he usually wins. After a particularly humiliating defeat, though, I induce him to play chess, a game which I usually win. He also has the bad habit of laughing at me and everything I say. This is quite ego-deflating. But he has some good points, too. His generosity is unsurpassed. He gave me two cookies from his CARE package from home; two which had been sitting in the dust under the bed for over a week. (He told me this after I had eaten them.) I really feel responsible for him, for he is so naive that I told him to call his autobiography "Gullible's Travels".

Alan Keith

A Worthwhile Risk

As I sat on the front steps of my home waiting to be picked up, I thought about my new job painting houses. This was my first day and I wondered what the other fellows would think if I didn't catch on fast enough. What if I couldn't handle the heavy equipment properly? Maybe a plank would slip or a ladder jack would crack while I was on it. Suppose a rung should break while I was climbing a steep ladder with slippery paint brushes and paint buckets in my hands. Or, what if I should fall from a high scaffold and be seriously injured, or even killed? Certainly painting was a risk -- how worthwhile a risk I really couldn't tell yet. Perhaps I should have accepted that other job...

Suddenly, I became aware of a noise like that of a tin can of marbles being shaken spasmodically. As I listened, the sound came closer. Presently, an old beat-up truck turned into my street, its horn beeping above the rattles and the bangs. Its dented and patched body was loaded down with paint-speckled ladders and planks. In the back of the truck were old and new paint cans, ladder jack, and dropcloths. I climbed into the front seat with the other two fellows. As we started back down the street, we had to yell at each other above the roar of the engine.

I was sure the old '49 Dodge would never make it to our first job. But in a few minutes we pulled into a driveway beside a large, drab, shabby house. It was very badly in need of paint, but I suppose it would take us the rest of the summer to finish it. However, the other two experienced painters estimated it would take only six days.

The first thing was to unload the equipment. As we stacked the

ladders and planks near the house, I was surprised how much easier they were to handle than I had expected. Even setting up the scaffold wasn't as hard as I had thought. Raising extension ladders and carrying up the planks was all a matter of balance and timing. So far painting wasn't half as bad as I had envisioned.

While two of us had set up the scaffold, the third fellow had mixed the paint and prepared tools and brushes. Now, everything was ready to go.

I was given a small putty knife, a paint rag, a large four-inch brush, a small trim brush, a scraper, and a bucket of paint. There was only one thing left: that was to climb the scaffold and begin painting. I hesitated. The ladder stood almost straight up and down and it seemed as though it would flip away from the house if I stepped onto it. Leaning against the eaves, it looked like a vine-bare, two story trellis fastened to the side of the house. Deep down I was a little fearful, but I didn't want the other fellows to know it. So I picked up my paint and brushes and began to climb the swaying ladder, one thin, splintered rung at a time, holding on hard with my one free hand. As I climbed, it seemed the ladder got longer and longer, but finally I reached the top and stepped onto the plank. The ladders swayed, the tops bouncing back and forth against the eaves, seeking a comfortable position to rest their stiff wooden arms in. At first I was overly careful about moving around on the scaffold, but I soon learned to move with the swaying of the ladders. Another important thing I learned was never to step back to admire my work, for I know that I'd be in for a real letdown. It didn't take me long to pick up the simple art of painting; and, it wasn't nearly as arm-tiring as I had expected, nor as frightening.

After six days of scraping and painting, the old house began to take on a new and finished look. The bright white of the clapboards was

...and plants were not ...
...they were ...
...as part of ...
...up the ...

...half as ...

...the third ...

...and ...

...a ...

...a ...

...one ...

...the ...

...the ...

...the ...

...the ...

...the ...

...the ...

...the ...

...the ...

...the ...

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set off with green trim. The house looked like an altogether different place. We admired our completed job as we pulled out of the driveway and left for our next house. Painting wasn't as bad as I had expected and it was certainly a worthwhile, rewarding risk.

Doug Dickson

Lost

I was lost while starting out to hunt. I had followed the stream but somehow managed to get mixed up in my directions. I still followed as I tried to find my way back to my car. My old tracks were obliterated by the newly fallen snow. The sun had set and it was getting harder to see the dark black line of the brook which I was following. The cold was making itself more known, now that the sun had disappeared. I hurried on, scared, with the stories of lost men perishing in the bitter cold echoing through my mind.

A small still voice kept telling me to stop and think of a course of action. I stopped, seated myself on a log, and thought. Nothing came except the urge to hurry onward. This I did, at almost a run. As a drop of sweat trickled down my back, I slowed my pace, still trying to think of a way out.

An idea suddenly hit me. I would fire my gun; someone was bound to hear and answer. Then, to my horror and despair, I realized I had left my gun leaning against a tree back where I had rested. I was left to build a fire. A search of my pockets turned up six matches. The first five refused to create even a spark in the frozen wood. The sixth coaxed a small flame. As it flickered up, my spirits soared but slowly it died, leaving my hopes of survival blackened by the cruel dark of night.

Now there was nothing to do but plunge onward in hope of finding shelter. My hands were numb and I felt nothing as they brushed against

the low-hanging branches. My feet no longer belonged to my body. I stumbled on, never resting for fear I might never get up, once I sat down.

To stop now meant death. Suddenly in the distance a light flickered, but it was blotted out by the intervening trees. I took another step. There it was again! I tried to run but stumbled because I could not move my feet fast enough. I opened my mouth to yell but no sound came. I crawled onward, for I could not get to my feet. Suddenly, before me was a door, which I thudded my frozen hands against; it burst open and the warm wave of light engulfing me saved me from the icy hands of death.

Hoy Richards

Scenes

The dirt feels gritty as I roll it about in my fingers. The stones are not held together with good, rugged, dark brown soil, but just dry sand and store-bought materials.

I am in the beautiful city of Quincy, Massachusetts, where I have been raking leaves. The pile waits patiently behind me as I ponder the surrounding scenery, comparing it to what my memory recalls of similar spots like this in Maine.

Next, I look at a tall stone tower on my left. I don't know what it is for, but it looks very old. The tower causes my mind to wander for a moment. I can see the soldiers as they stream up the hill, with commanders shouting orders. I can see a man slipping on a loose rock and tumbling over his own men. I can also imagine them screaming a final victory chorus as they break through the final barrier--the eight-foot iron door. Just as they pop into sight at the top of the tower, the climax of the battle, I am brought back to reality, as I am so often awakened from my dreams.

I notice the trees in the yards across the street. They are mostly maples and are bare of their leaves. The branches wave back and forth as they are caressed by the wind.

I follow the branches to the tops of the trees where my vision filters through to see the great metropolis of the world-renown Boston. The sight has changed tremendously. I see tall buildings with windows cascading down their walls, and spot a building development which is

slowly coming into prominence. The steel beams look flimsy and insecure from this distance, but they also seem to look proud and daring as they loom toward the sky.

My vision skims through the branches to my right until my eyes see the blue Quincy Bay. I can imagine the small sailboats in the harbor straining at the anchor ropes as they ride the small waves.

My eyes and mind come back to the gritty dirt still sifting through my fingers. I imagine myself atop a hill overlooking the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. I close my eyes and my heart beats loudly and assuredly as I think of the beautiful view.

As I sift the sand through my fingers I tell myself, "This is real dirt. It has some clay to hold it together. It isn't all rock, but wholesome, colorful dirt, just waiting to be crushed, torn apart, or walked upon."

I switch my sight over to my left where I had earlier seen a tower. But in my imagination's eye I see a road replacing the tower. Also, I see hills and valleys somewhat like the ones to my right. However, on all of these hills I see a great variety of trees. I can find maple, oak, spruce, pine, and white birch mixed in indefinite numbers. The blends of the evergreens, hardwoods, and white birch registers in my mind. Man has not invaded this still sturdy Maine country with his ingenuity and machinery. The horizon is not broken by tall, bold buildings, old stone homes, and the noisy traffic of civilization.

To my right I see a rippling blue lake, which is in front of a logging camp. The trees stiffly smack the ground as the men cut them down. I hear the trees groan, squeak and crack as they begin their inevitable

...coming into ...
...but they ...
...from ...

in which I found the most beautiful and most interesting of the world.

fall. Ruddy dirt roads begin to appear as they twist their ways to the tarred main roads.

I follow the thread-like stream leading from the lake up and down the hills, through the valleys, the turbulent, frothy rapids, and finally come to the end where it gently flows into a giant lake. It looks as if it is slyly trying to possess all the land it can possibly cover. The waves slip up onto the rocky shore and lap at the roots of trees, as if they were ready to devour the trees once and for all.

Further to my right I see the scenery that is similar to the scenery on my left--forest, forest, forest.

After carefully looking over the scenery again, I notice that the sun has gone down and that the shadows have swollen from their secret hiding places again. The gritty dirt in my fingers brings me back to and forces the memories from my consciousness.

I have spent but little time daydreaming, yet have traveled far. The sand has stopped sifting. I go back to my job of raking leaves.

Robert Pulkkinen

well, but they will come back to the appeal as they wish their ways to the

larger main road.

I follow the narrow-lane stream running from the lake in the west

the hills, through the valleys, the mountains, the meadows, and finally

comes to the end where it meets the river. It looks as if

it is alive trying to possess all the land it can possibly cover. The

waves rise up onto the hills and into the woods as if

they were ready to leave the trees once and for all.

Further to the right I see the woods that is said to be the source

of my left-hand river, forest, forest.

After carefully looking over the source again, I notice that the

sun has gone down and that the shadows are widening from their source

in the distance again. The pretty little river flows on down to

and flows on towards the coast.

I have seen but little else of the morning, and have traveled far.

The road has stopped at last. I am back to my old road again.

Source of the river

Why Work in a Hospital

Human beings need both physical and spiritual mending. Man must come to God for his spiritual healing and man must come to God and man for his physical healing. An unexpected summer job gave me an insight into this field of physical healing.

Several months ago I was fortunate in securing a job in the Quincy City Hospital Blood Bank as a technician. I went through a concentrated period of training during which I was instructed in the basic procedures and principles of blood banking. I was told how to bleed a donor for a pint of blood, how to take a blood sample from the arm, how to run various compatibility tests on these blood samples, and the meaning of such words as "universal donor" and "universal recipient."

After several months of training I was left in sole charge of the blood bank. I must admit my first night at the hospital was a sleepless one for I realized the responsibilities which were mine. My first call was to the Delivery Room to take a blood sample from a new-born baby. Taking blood samples of this type has made me realize that there are problems from the very beginning of life.

My second experience was with two young men who had been involved in an automobile accident and were bleeding profusely. It was my job to find blood that was compatible with theirs in as short a time as possible. My part in this, although small, was important. I can not tell you of my

Why Work in a Hospital

I have always been a person who has been interested in the work of the hospital. I have always been a person who has been interested in the work of the hospital. I have always been a person who has been interested in the work of the hospital.

My first experience was when I was a young man and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital.

My second experience was when I was a young man and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital.

My third experience was when I was a young man and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital. I was working in a hospital and I was working in a hospital.

feelings when the next time I saw these same fellows they were laughing and talking as if nothing had happened.

I have also had occasion to take a blood sample from a small girl who was very apprehensive because her first experience with needles had been an unfortunate one. I tried to comfort her by telling her of my own stay in the hospital when I was a youngster, and as a result the needle went in very easily and I was even rewarded with a kiss.

Although some of my days were easy, some were also difficult and very busy. On one such day, I had to bleed eight donors and cross-match thrity-five pints of blood which amounted to approximately eleven hours of work.

My job at the hospital has been very rewarding. It has given me a keen sense of responsibility, an interest in the medical field and a more mature outlook on life.

Richard Brown

facilities when the next time I saw these fellows they were laughing

and talking as if nothing had happened.

I have often had occasion to say a whole lot of things to all of you

and very frequently to people who have been in the hospital and been

in unfortunate cases. I talked to a woman who had been in the hospital

the hospital when I was a youngster, and as a result she really was in

very bad luck and I was often in the same kind of luck.

Although some of my friends were very, some were very difficult to

busy. On one day I had a big fight about the cross-section of the

the kind of work which amounted to a great deal of work.

By the way the hospital has been very successful. It has given us a

new kind of responsibility, in fact in the medical field and a new

new kind of life.

John Ford

Of Toys, Fiends, and Battlefields

Why can't I ever be what I want to be, say what I want to say, do what I want to do? I feel like a jack-in-the-box with the lid tightly closed. I am pressed down as if I were attached to the tightly coiled steel spring. Yet when released, I can only rise a little way before the spring pulls me down again. It is I who release the spring, but worst of all, it is I who close the lid, too. I am my deliverer, but only because I am also my captor.

I am plagued by two fiends, and I am both of them. The first fiend is called What-I-want-to-be. Let me describe him for you. His bones are made of a material called excelsior, of the material of my desire to excel in everything I do. His muscle tissue is made of unique, a material formed from my desire to contribute something unique to the society of which I am a part. The skin covering this beautiful body is formed from hardwork, a material created by my desire to do my best in everything I attempt. He is a handsome fiend, but a fiend nonetheless, for he and his rival, What-I-am-now, torment me constantly.

What-I-am-now is a fiend who rears his ugly head whenever I approach his rival. He is determined to keep me from reaching the tantalizing goals his rival holds out to me. I shall describe this hideous beast for you. His bones are made of a soft, spongy material called whybother, which gives him a semi-deformed appearance. His muscles are formed from

purest Illskipit. Over the entire body the sickening, pallid skin of procrastination is stretched.

This fiend comes to me and says, "Why bother? No one really cares whether you write that comp or not. You'll get no thanks for it anyway, so why bother?" His rival comes and whispers in my other ear, "Does it matter what others think? You can excel in anything if you give yourself to it. You will enjoy the feeling of accomplishment much more than the irresponsible mediocrity that What-I-am-now has to offer." But that is just the opening skirmish. Each fiend wins about fifty percent of these preludes to the main battle.

Then the battle begins in earnest. What-I-am-now raises his ugly beak to my ear and mutters, "Why not skip it? It is just busy work. That prof must be kidding! Asking someone like you to do busy work! It doesn't matter much, so just skip it." What-I-want-to-be immediately says, "Skip it? Never! If it were busy work, you could still contribute something unique, something all your own. And writing this comp is a good mechanical means to develop the skills you need to be what you want to be." After these heavy guns have ceased firing and the clouds of smoke have rolled away from my mind, I frequently find that I have surrendered to the ugly fiend.

But if I still have not made up my mind, the superweapons are used on me. What-I-want-to-be leaps to the attack by saying, "You have high goals. You set them, and you created me to remind you of them, and of what you must be if you are to attain them. You must write this comp, and write it well; you must do your best, for nothing else will suffice."

After that strong charge, the citadel of my indifference is about to fall, when suddenly the myriad hosts of the army of What-I-am-now

But I think it is better to have the money now than to wait for it later.

proceeding to the end.

This is the first time that I have ever seen the money.

What is the first time that I have ever seen the money?

What is the first time that I have ever seen the money?

What is the first time that I have ever seen the money?

What is the first time that I have ever seen the money?

What is the first time that I have ever seen the money?

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What is the first time that I have ever seen the money?

What is the first time that I have ever seen the money?

appear on the battlefield. They charge the citadel with this super-weapon: "You know, your little friend is right. You must do your best on this comp. But you're tired right now, and you just can't do the kind of job on it you must do. You can cut your first period class tomorrow and write our composition then. You'll have plenty of time, and your mind will be fresh."

These are the two fiends that torment me constantly. One is what I want to be; the other is what I am. Because of what I am, I may never become what I want to be. They have plagued me all week as I have tried to settle down and write this composition.

Now, let's see...If I cut chapel, I ought to be able to get this all typed....

Alan Keith

[illegible]

... 1875

The Race

The car waits beside you, inviting you to jump in and turn the key to its freedom. The sleekness of its body suggests speed from stem to stern. The beautiful paint and polishing reflects your image as you stand there. You think back to its origin: the plans you tore up, revised and redrew; the hard hours put into getting every bolt, nut, and piece together; the greasy hands and bruised knuckles getting the engine into place and tuned to perfection. Yes, this is your proud result. It waits impatiently for the race.

The time has come for you to run your car. You open the door, feeling it shiver to your touch as if it were alive and waiting with eagerness. As the crash helmet goes over your head, the world seems smaller. You turn the key and hear the engine roar like a lion in response, then quiet down to the gentle purr of a kitten. The gear shift knob feels cold as you pull it into first gear and drive up to the starting line. A fleeting glance at your rival reveals a similar car like yours, vibrating with the purr of the engine.

The light flashes green and you are off amidst a squeal of tires and a cloud of smoke. --Stay calm now and let the car do the work. The engine begins to labor just as you shift into second gear. The car next to you seems to be keeping up, although you cannot afford to look long enough to tell. The wind begins to whistle around the cockpit. The posts along the track become a long blur. As you go into third gear your opponent seems to have dropped back--or has he? All you can hear now is the loud roar of the engines. The man with the flag

The 3000

is up ahead. Just a little more and you will win the race.

The flag goes down--you have won the race! You feel good. Your skin tingles and your hair stands on edge. If only life could always be such a thrill!

Paul Albright

is an error. Just a little more and you'll be there.

The 100 pages (more—don't you see?) you just read. Your

first book (and your first step) is now. It's not a life, it's a

first step.

Page 100

The Unforeseen

With screeching brakes, a metallic crash, and an earth-shaking thump a carelessly driven car strikes a telephone pole and knocks it to the ground. A moment later a policeman standing nearby dashes to the scene of the accident. Carefully he surveys the disastrous situation. He then turns towards the bruised driver and exclaims, "Why don't you look where you're going?"

This trite question has many applications in our modern society. For example a small boy playing dodge ball in a schoolyard bumps into a girl jumping rope. The young fellow immediately yells in his boyish manner, "Why don't you look where you're going?" A teen-age boy on his way to class crashes into another boy who is also late for class and exclaims, "Why don't you look where you're going?" An astute businessman hurrying to a luncheon engagement knocks over an elderly lady with groceries and says, "Why don't you look where you're going?" A poor old man dazed by the summer heat trips over the fence in his dizziness and falls on the ground. A spiteful neighbor who passes by at this moment declares, "Why don't you look where you're going?"

Though still young, the boy in the schoolyard, has become very much involved in his small world. He has failed to notice anyone or anything around him. He has focused his young mind on the situation at hand and has neglected to think about what is happening or what will happen.

The rambunctious teen-ager has found himself busy in the ways of the new adult world. He has become confused and pressured by social and school activities. He daydreams about the glorious past and the exciting

future, but he forgets about the present. However, he has failed to realize the proximity of the future.

The middle-aged businessman has discovered that he has no time to be friendly with anyone except high class executives. His mind has been infiltrated with business and family worries; success and security have become his goals. This modern man has developed a concern only for the future for which he labors, but ignores the present.

The retired old gentleman bangs into objects because of physical weakness. He forgets to watch his steps, for his mind is preoccupied with past experiences and future destiny.

Many of these characters mentioned are victims of conceit, narrow-mindedness and preoccupation. All of them fail to live in the present and establish future planning.

"Now keep your eyes on the road," said the officer to the driver, "and don't be led astray by interesting surroundings. Remember, it is not what you see that harms you; it is what you don't see."

Roy Harding

forward, but he has failed to

realize the possibility of the future.

The business situation has deteriorated and he has to live in

the financial and economic chaos of the present.

He is not a business man, but a family man, and he has to

over his family. This has led him to a life of poverty and

misery. He is not a business man, but a family man, and he has to

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misery. He is not a business man, but a family man, and he has to

Venezuelean Jungle

This chapter of my life happened when I visited the Venezuelan jungle with a schoolmate of mine whose uncle, a government geologist, lived in the jungle. My friend's uncle welcomed us with great friendliness. He drove us to his cottage to get some rest. Half asleep that night I could hear the noisy sounds of the jungle: the sharp squeak of the monkeys, the shriek of the parrots and cacatuas, and every once in a while the terrifying roar of a tiger walking in the distance. The following morning, we went out to examine the adjacent area. We carried clothes and weapons for the occasion. We went deeply into the jungle along a narrow path among enormous branches and bindweeds. I felt the terrible humidity and the annoying, gigantic mosquitoes that used us for a free blood bank. Chipping tirelessly with our machetes, we went deeper and deeper into the dense tangle of vegetation. I confess that I was somewhat frightened about getting lost, but I had confidence in the geologist's ability as a guide.

As we walked we could see the abundance of the fauna. There were moisy guacamayas of a great variety of beautiful colors, squawking monkeys in the trees, snakes of different sizes, from the terrible horse-killer a few inches long to the gigantic anaconda from seven to ten meters long. There were also insects of all kinds: the minute ant called "24" that with its bite can produce a terrible pain for 24 hours, and the monstrous "monkey spider" that with its potent poison is able to kill twenty people at once.

After three hours of walking, we came out to a clear path in which

was a small plain, and from which we could admire the most beautiful spectacle of the Venezuelan jungle--the Salto Angel--the highest waterfall in the world. What a marvelous spectacle! The water was flowing from a subterranean waterspout that looked like a majestic white mantle in the dense greenish jungle. From that point we could admire the immensity of the jungle. In the background were a group of obscure mountains with the magic whiteness of perpetual snow on their peaks. In the valley, the roaring waters tumbled down with dreadful clamour, creating a beautiful foam that embellished the valley like a wedding-cake. From our vantage point we could see the crystalline waters as they merged with the blue of the sky. What a spectacular gift Nature has given to this paradise of the Venezuelan jungle. We stood silently in ecstasy for two hours. Then we came down, heading towards the house, but always trying to give the last look to the waterfall. It was really the best of my visit to the Venezuelan jungle.

Heinrich Gorodeckas

was a small stream, and it was not until we had reached the
spectacle of the beautiful landscape that we had reached the
fall in the water. What a wonderful spectacle! The water was falling
over a subterranean waterfall that looked like a giant's hand
in the shape of a giant's hand. From that point we went on to the
beach of the lake. In the distance we saw a group of people
standing on the beach, looking at the water with their hands
in the air. The water was falling down into a small stream,
creating a beautiful scene that resembled the way a waterfall
falls. From our position we could see the entire scene, and
they were with the lake of the lake. It was a beautiful sight
to see. To the right of the lake, there was a small stream
that was flowing into the lake. There was a small stream that
was flowing into the lake. There was a small stream that was
flowing into the lake. There was a small stream that was flowing
into the lake. There was a small stream that was flowing into the
lake. There was a small stream that was flowing into the lake.

The Time of Change

First is a time of simple play, of dolls and make-believe, of toy trucks and hide-and-go-seek. Later comes a time of bearing responsibility, of being married, and of functioning in society. In between is the time of change; new interests, new opportunities, and sometimes, a whole new personality.

The changing people, or teen-agers, are often nervous and anxious. They are no longer secure in their identities. They look different. Their bodies are taller and thinner. The boys begin to look like men and the girls like women. Teen-agers feel different. They have new sensations, interests and desires. They are treated differently. They are given more responsibilities. They near the age when they can work and drive a car.

Quite naturally, these changes and differences result in the teen-ager's insecurity. They don't trust themselves, or even know themselves. Some try to lose themselves in a gang or in a purpose. Others fear losing themselves and try to establish their identity by nonconformity.

The insecurity of the changing years can be seen in the teen-ager's bitterness, which expresses his inner frustration. Some teen-age bitterness is the result of critical searching for answers or purposes in which they might find security. Youthful rage is often aroused when it witnesses the waste, hatred, and greed of today's society. Teen-agers are confused and they can only find more confusion in the adult world.

The insecurity of teen-agers is revealed in their attempts to escape

The Time of Change

There is a time of change in the life of every man. It is a time of change in the life of every nation. It is a time of change in the life of every age. It is a time of change in the life of every generation. It is a time of change in the life of every individual. It is a time of change in the life of every thing.

The time of change is a time of change in the life of every man. It is a time of change in the life of every nation. It is a time of change in the life of every age. It is a time of change in the life of every generation. It is a time of change in the life of every individual. It is a time of change in the life of every thing.

Our time is a time of change. It is a time of change in the life of every man. It is a time of change in the life of every nation. It is a time of change in the life of every age. It is a time of change in the life of every generation. It is a time of change in the life of every individual. It is a time of change in the life of every thing.

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adult responsibilities. In gangs, they vandalize, rumble, and attack innocent citizens to show contempt for the adult world. The teen-ager does not feel responsible to the laws of his society if he can shift his responsibility to a gang and to the laws of the street. The rebel without a cause really has a cause; he wants to escape a society which he does not understand and of which he does not want to be a member.

Another way teen-agers show their fear of responsibility is by becoming "beat". Much of the appeal of wearing dungarees and shirking haircuts and baths is that by doing so the teen-agers express their contempt for the rules and morals of their society.

The teen-agers, in their journey from one personality to another, have little sense of identity. They search in many areas to find their needed sense of belonging. Their search often extends into crowd participation. A gang of teen-agers working themselves into a rage to spur their high school football team on to some meaningless victory is a good example of crowd participation. The game itself is rarely important. It is merely an excuse for the teen-agers to participate collectively, to develop a sense of belonging and a sense of identity.

In between youth and maturity, there is a period of turmoil, a time of change. During this time, the teen-ager lacks a sense of identity, and he suffers great insecurity. Strangely, each teen-ager's personality is exposed in the way he handles his insecurity. Whether the teen-ager rebels with bitterness, in a gang, or by being "beat", whether he seeks identity through crowds, conformity, or nonconformity, he shows his unique way of handling problems and a distinctive personality. During the time of change, each teen-ager exposes his individuality.

[illegible]

Tick Tock, Tick Tock

As I lay in bed the other morning while it was still dark, I stared at the clock mounted on the bookcase perhaps ten inches from my bed. That monstrous clock ticked unceasingly and its ticking irritated me. I stared at it nervously, knowing its treacherous hands would determine my actions that very day. Those tiny mechanical hands would tell me when I should awake, when I should eat, and when I should sleep. It would determine the way I looked and the way I felt. It controlled my health and progress in college. My actions and deeds would be labeled good and bad according to the hands of that clock. My French assignment was due at 9:00. I could finish it at 10:00. Why do I have to kowtow to that mechanical menace of time?

Just what is that clock? It is nothing more than a bundle of springs and wires and gadgets screwed in an intricate pattern to make it tick continuously without faltering once. It's too bad man could not tick continuously without ever faltering. In our time when we have satellites and submarines, Metrecal and No-dose, why can't we tick continuously? Then the pressure and strain of time would be lightened. How many errors and costly mistakes are committed just because that plastic framework of nerve-exciter and anxiety-builder ticked too fast? There are times when it even ticks too slow. I look at it as a master over not only man's

Stick Jack
Stick Jack

actions but also over man's mind. I must think according to time; each hour, minute, and second of every day. That ticking machine has made me a slave. Can I ever be emancipated?

I wonder what it would be like not to act according to time; not to be a slave of a clock? I would eat when I was hungry, sleep when tired, and work in between. My health would improve, my grades would shoot skyward and I would really be living a full life. Why should there be unnecessary tension and pressure? Must I go on like this? Should I be a slave of time?

Of course, there are always those who disagree. Do you want to be a lazy bum? The answer is certainly no, but I don't want to be tied down by the clock. Is it not better to eat when hungry and work when awake and alert? Will I ever get the chance to prove myself? If I don't, that ticking master of slaves will drive me to the ground.

Sharon Wilson

An Excerpt from a History Book of 2564 A.D.

Man first began to divorce himself from rationalization and superstition in the realm of natural or pure science just under nine hundred years ago, at about the start of the seventeenth century. This divorcing resulted in a literal explosion of scientific progress over the next three centuries. Up to this time, the various natural sciences were little more than rationalizations of the preconceived religious sentiments of the day. Two men, Galileo, called the father of modern science, and Francis Bacon, that period's chief proponent of the "scientific method," were probably the most influential in initiating this breakthrough.

During the next three centuries, the natural sciences, now freed from the shackles of rationalization, forged ahead rapidly. But another important area of knowledge whose development should counterbalance any scientific progress, that is, the social sciences, was still kept shackled by the chains of man's rationalization. Consequently, little progress was made in the social sciences to balance the concurrent comparatively great progress in pure science. It was almost the twentieth century before these chains were finally broken. This time, however, many men helped initiate the breakthrough. Two men, Freud and Dewey, nevertheless, building on the foundation of such immediately preceding men as Thoreau,

An excerpt from a
History Book of
Q.D. 1825

Emerson, and certain of the early psychologists, probably were the first really to break through with the pre-social-scientific past as Galileo had broken with the pre-natural-scientific past. From this time until the nuclear war, the social sciences also began to make real progress.

But time had already run out on the human race. War, that subject of applied science to which man had always devoted the utmost of his skill and energy, had progressed to such a degree of refinement that it was essential to man's very survival that he prevent it. But, armed only with very primitive social sciences, those sciences of human relations which could have accomplished peace if they had been better developed, he could not prevent that war. The nuclear war (for which it is really useless to assign blame) wiped out, in sixty minutes, what man had accomplished in sixty centuries. Those who survived, our ancestors, reverted to savagery.

John Coleman

...and the results of the various experiments, ...
...results to be obtained from the various experiments ...
...broken with the ...
...nuclear war, the social sciences also began to make real progress.
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Organ Sonata

The pit area of a raceway has at least one stimulus for every sensory organ. My experience in the pits has preserved many of these stimuli in my own mind. Perhaps I can reconstruct some of them so that you too can share a bit of what is precious to me.

The first vivid stimulus that comes to mind is the sound of high-powered racing cars screaming down the straight in front of me. Each type of car has its own distinguishing sound. The cars with very powerful, highly-tuned engines generally roar viciously down the straight. The next type of cars have smaller engines and they whine as they flash past. The smallest cars have the smallest engines and they buzz with a high-pitched wail as they travel down the way.

As I think back I can still see a certain Lotus streaked with oil as it screeched to a clattering halt in front of the pits. The scowl on the driver's face made me suspect that the engine had sprung an oil leak. As I strained to peer behind his car, I saw an ebony streak from the track to the pit area--suspicion confirmed. I was able to see to my left, far down the straight, a chalky cloud of billowing smoke from a car that was standing motionless. The cloud of smoke drifted lazily toward the woods. There was no fire. The driver walked away slowly. I suspected a blown engine was the cause for the untimely stop. My attention was turned back to the pit when our Porsche came to a squeaking halt in front of me. A few minutes later the Porsche roared away in a cloud of blue smoke. The air reeked with the smell of burnt rubber.

Organ Donata

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold, crisp air. It felt like a fresh blanket. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing. I took a deep breath and felt a sense of peace. The world was so beautiful, and I was so lucky to be here.

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The fellow in the pit next to mine cursed loudly at his Austin Healy. The hood was raised and the acrid smell of burning oil permeated the atmosphere. The end of the race was at hand for him. The driver of the Healy jumped out of the seat and smashed his helmet on the asphalt. My attention was drawn back to the track by the sputtering of a Sprite as it rattled past me and on toward the far end of the pits. A red blur flashed past, accompanied by the loud bellowing of six exhaust stacks.

Our steel-gray Porsche charged back into the pits, this time for repairs and adjustments. The engine stopped, but my ears kept ringing. The hiss of the hydraulic jack and the snap of body fasteners signaled the start of our work. Cold wrench in hand, I began the tedious job of adjusting the carburation adjustments while other mechanics adjusted the stiffness of each shock absorber. A total of forty-five minutes had passed before our driver fired up the engine again. The engine revved up and the Porsche roared away belching black smoke. The fuel mixture had been made richer so that the car could run smoothly at high speeds.

After finishing our work, the entire pit crew meandered over to the lockers and showers before leaving for another day. All these sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and feelings were mine. In fact, no soap and water has yet washed any of them away. I need only close my eyes to experience them again.

P. Herschel Werner

2001-2002

Only Twenty Cents

I paid twenty cents for the most exciting jaunt of my life. This was my first subway ride into Boston.

After alighting from the bus at Fields Corner, I expected to see a subway right there waiting for me. However, there were only ticket windows and turnstiles.

After I was poked and pushed through the line where I received my token, I realized I didn't know what to do. Asking questions, I learned that I should drop the token into a little slot. I dropped it in and pushed through the turnstile.

Once I had made it through and onto the platform where I could board the subway, I waited for the big moment -- the moment when the subway came to a flying stop. Doors flew open, people rushed out, and once more I was poked and pushed from all sides until I was moved into the subway car.

Once in the car, I let out a sigh of relief and got a seat although other people were standing.

All at once the sudden movement of the car jerked me out of my composure. The old wheels were grinding, the car was swaying and it was all I could do not to look sick. Other people just sat there -- heads down, apparently experiencing a common, everyday occurrence. Some people were even reading!

After I had become somewhat accustomed to the swaying, I began to watch other people around me. One man who seemed especially tired slumped

Only Twenty Cents

I was sitting in the car, waiting for the bus to come.

My first thought was that I was late.

As I sat there, I noticed that the bus was not coming.

At last, the bus came. I was late, but I was not alone.

I was not alone.

I was not alone, but I was not alone.

I was not alone, but I was not alone.

I was not alone, but I was not alone.

I was not alone, but I was not alone.

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I was not alone, but I was not alone.

down as if he were sleeping. When the subway would stop, he would almost flop over and then the subway would take off again as he flopped the other way. I was so interested in watching him to see if he was going to fall that I forgot all about being scared until I heard a screech which lasted for about a minute. I will probably never know what the noise was, but it made me forget the sleeping man until I heard a thud. There he was, lying on the seat. It was so funny I had to laugh until I remembered I was supposed to act composed.

Because my first subject of observation had fallen asleep, I looked around once more to choose another victim.

One man really was interesting because he was trying to light his cigarette while he was half drunk. First, he couldn't get the lighter going and then, when he did, he shook so much that he burned his nose. After that he was very still.

This was all very funny until I realized that the subway car had been stopping at station after station. Suddenly it occurred to me that I might have missed my stop.

Frantically, I asked the lady next to me which station we had just passed. Luckily it was the one just before mine.

When the subway screeched to a halt, the doors flew open. Again I was pushed and poked from all directions until I made it through the doors and out the gate to my destination -- Boston.

Pat Sterling

him as to the election. When the answer came, he said that

the election was off. He said that he would be

was. I was so disappointed in what I had

that I wrote all about what I had

for about a week. I was so disappointed

I had no feeling for anything but what I had

that in the end, I was so disappointed

I was disappointed in what I had

Because of this, I was so disappointed

around the world in what I had

we had really had more than we had

clearly, which was very different from

and that was what I had

that in the end, I was so

This was the very first time I had

and that was the first time I had

I had a very different

the first time, I was so

passed. I was so

and the first time I was so

I was so

the first time I was so

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the first time I was so

All Things Have Mind

Have you ever been exasperated by a so-called inanimate object: a door that won't stay closed, a faucet that won't stop dripping, or a bottle that won't release its lid? Or, when you open a window, does it slam down as you turn your back? Or do you have a clock that continually gains time, no matter how you try to fix it?

You may get angry at this object. It frustrates you. You try to force it, but that doesn't work. A gentle approach also fails. But all the while you are thinking, "I'll fix you, you nasty pickle jar." or "Pinch my fingers, will you, you awful drawer!" And these objects seem to be mocking you, knowing they are your master.

Alfred North Whitehead, a British mathematician and philosopher, said, "All things have mind." When you think about it, this is rather frightening for with mind comes thought, with thought comes reason, and with reason comes a lust for power.

But turning for a moment from this conclusion, let us consider the original premise: all things have mind. Accepting this as true, we might therefore conclude that, since all things have mind, they must also have personality, and that this personality might clash with ours. This is readily apparent from everyday occurrences. My table lamp, for instance, does not clash with my personality. It is my friend. It gives me the

light I need, and it never makes any trouble. But my wastebasket is an enemy. It is subversive. It frustrates. It moves around. When I aim for it with a wad of paper, I always miss. This makes it happy, for it frustrates me. It manifests its joy by jumping in my way when I am getting dressed, so that I kick it over and must spend several minutes picking up gum and candy wrappers, old letters, and soiled tissues.

From here we return to our original conclusion that, since all things have mind and can think, they must, by the very nature of thinking, desire power. So far in the struggle we are ahead, for you can move about freely and they cannot. But there is always the possibility that they might unite to crush us. The rug will agree to trip us, if the lamp will fall over and knock us senseless. And who knows what the walls are discussing as they creak and groan in the middle of the night? Will they fall in on us, or let us live another day? Does the knife like us this morning, or will it take off our fingers while we are halving the grapefruit? Is the washer in a jovial mood this morning, or will it return our sheets mangled into knots?

So far we have been allowed to live in triumph over those objects which we choose to call "inanimate". But is their day coming? Will they someday be victorious? I don't know, but I wish that door would stop creaking. It scares me.

Barbara Schurter

...and it was a very long time, but I was not
...It is a very long time, but I was not
...I was not a very long time, but I was not
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...The first time I was not a very long time, but I was not

Drovocation

Crack! I hastily retrieved the handle of the door to my room and tried again, pushing the door cautiously open--only to find that the recipient of the initial push was my roommate's closet door. After a careful adjustment of door positions, I began to weave my way over to my desk. Enroute I managed to bump against my dresser. Oh, well! Just one more burise to add to my collection. The next hurdle to overcome was a major one indeed--my roommate. Sitting at her desk, she had contrived to utilize all available space between the foot of her bed and desk. There was no other choice. It being out of the question to disturb my roommate, intent on doing a fascinating biology puzzle, I determined to hurdle the bed. But my skirt! It would never make the leap. An inspiration came: I could roll across, of course! This I did, but upon regaining a vertical position, I was horrified to see millions of pink hairs clinging to my skirt. Alas! I had rolled right over my roommate's mohair sweater. With as much fortitude as I could muster, I made the remainder of my way to my desk. There I collapsed in utter exhaustion as I remembered that the brush I needed to de-hair my skirt was on the other side of the room. After a partial recovery, and upon deep and anxious consideration of all factors involved, I arrived at this conclusion: our dormitory rooms are too small.

Joyce Tice

Proclamation

Whereas I have been appointed by the President of the United States to be the

first of a series of proclamations to be issued by the President of the United States

in relation to the subject of the preservation of the public lands of the United States

and the management of the same, I have the honor to announce to you that I have

been authorized by the President to issue the following proclamation:

That I have been authorized by the President to issue the following proclamation:

That I have been authorized by the President to issue the following proclamation:

That I have been authorized by the President to issue the following proclamation:

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That I have been authorized by the President to issue the following proclamation:

That I have been authorized by the President to issue the following proclamation:

That I have been authorized by the President to issue the following proclamation:

Witness my hand

Times Square

Times Square in New York City is a strange place. There you will see representations of most nations. The natives are heterogenous, and their nationalities, stirred together in the cauldron for so many years, have mixed strange words and inflections in their vocabularies, which give them a jargon of their own that is hardly understood by the outsider.

Sitting in the automat restaurant, amid the pungency of cooking, you can see many characters of Damon Runyon's books with the ever present "scratch-sheet" spread on the table, as they talk a language known only to themselves. In another corner, a group of people with definite Asiatic features eat pickled eels, and a chill runs up your spine as the thought of pickled snakes comes to your mind. A bevy of squealing girls run to the change counter, happy at the thought of the novel way they will get their meal. A cheery "hi-mates" marks a man as having an Australian background or possibly New Zealand--probably an Anzac. Africa is well represented, and the smell of fried chicken permeating the restaurant testifies to the dietary preference of its sons and daughters. Italy, too, has its culinary delicacies on display as paisanos, seated around a large table, enjoy pie-shaped wedges from a huge pizza.

Leaving the automat, you walk past the many theater marquees with their colored signs flashing, advertising the various spectacular movies guaranteed to thrill anyone. The offerings are so varied that certainly, in one or another of the theaters, anyone in the world could find something to pique his interest. The crowds of people watching the news being flashed on the

Times Square

building across the Square are representative of all nations, and as you worm your way through them, you see slant-eyed Orientals, turbaned East Indians, fezged Arabs from North Africa, Gypsies from Central Europe and many others that you cannot readily identify.

As you continue your walk past the many "catch penny" and "juke box joints", the inhabitants become harder to classify, and the type and volume of the music adds to the confusion of your thoughts. Many of these characters look shady, and you nervously check to be sure your wallet is safe. The thought comes to your mind: all this is very interesting, but I wouldn't like to live here and see it every day. Then you smile and think: Where have I heard that before? That's an old wornout saying, and I had better move on and shake off this mood.

Further along the Square is the Latin quarter, where there are hot peppers and other dishes indigenous to South America. The wail of guitars, the click of castanets, and the unbridled laughter remind you that these are carefree people bringing their philosophy to mix with countless others in that great and apparently bottomless melting pot. Yes, Times Square is truly cosmopolitan.

Irving Grant

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An Unclear Mirror

Sitting at my desk, I looked up and saw a discolored board supported by grey cinder blocks. On the board were rows of books. These books seemed to be a mirror of man. In some way they represented to me the whole gamut of man's existence. The devotional books represented man's quest to know his own spirit and God's spirit; the small encyclopedia, man's desire to gather his knowledge; the chemistry book, man's attempt to explain the materials of his universe; the English book, man's attempt to communicate; and the psychology book, man's attempt to understand the mind that tries to comprehend all that is contained in these books. But the mirror is not clear. My eyes looked away from the bookshelf around my dormitory room. I saw a pile of dirty clothes. I saw an unmade bed, a floor strewn with shoes and books, and bureau tops covered with hair tonic bottles and papers. As I saw how man lived I understood why the books were an unclear mirror of man. I saw in this disorganization the truth and beauty that man is more than machine but less than God.

James M. Cubie



PROPOSED STUDENT CENTER
EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE QUINCY MASS
CONCORD NH
QUINCY MASS
ARCHITECTS & ENGINEERS
ARCHITECT

We have a future
to Build which is
contigent upon our
heritage of Christian
philosophy and our
contemporary
experience.

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to build which is
contingent upon our
heritage of Christian
philosophy and our
contemporary
experience.

The Freshman Class
1965

The Freshman Class 1965

The Freshman Class
1965

Paul Albright - Share the good man's smile.

Calvin Alexander - Good will is the mightiest practical force in the universe.

David Anderson - He that wrestles strengthens his will and sharpens his skill.

Eric Anderson - Christ is the Lord of all humankind.

Valorie Anderson - A girl who has a cheerful spirit.

David Arey - Indeed to be humble is to be great.

Sona Arukian - A lifetime of happiness.

Barbara Badavas - Her hair and eyes sparkle as the night.

Morris Badoud - Woody's horizon is "as broad as the blue sky above."

Eloise Baker - Learning is a kind of natural food for the mind.

Barbara Barger - A little learning is a dangerous thing; drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring.

Paul Barresi - He's a sure card.

Raelyn Baublitz - A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

Bernard Bauman - No one knows what he can do until he tries.

Richard Baumgartner - His limbs are cast in manly mold for hardy sport.

Daniel Bazikian - Use thankfully and heartily all knowledge gained.

Ellen Beckwith - Friendliness is a trait she possesses; let's hope it brings her many successes.

Sharon Beckwith - Give as a man of God's own mold.

Ruth Bevan - A merry voice and twinkling eyes.

Facia Beysolow - O this learning, what a thing it is!

Alfred Bishop - God, give me hills to climb, and strength for climbing.

Karen Bolles - Sweet her manner, quiet her way.

Brian Bowley - What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

Donna Bradbury - Wit and personality are stepping stones to success.

9. The first of these is the fact that the

100-443887-100

Дополнительно к этому в 1991 г. в СССР было создано 100 тысяч новых рабочих мест, что позволило избежать массовых увольнений.

... to ...

[illegible]

1900-1901 - 1902-1903

Robert Brewer - A quiet mind is richer.

Linda Brigham - Happiness is a by-product of effort to make someone else happy.

Susan Bromley - Her air, her manners, all who saw admired.

Jane Brown - The hand that follows intellect can achieve.

Richard Brown - A fellow of infinite jest.

Sharon Brown - Society welcomes those who are quiet, wise, and good.

Larry Bryanton - A man, to be a man, must live his life the way he sees it.

Norman Calvert - The rule of his life is to make business a pleasure and pleasure his business.

Kim Capen - Talent is that which is in a man's power.

Lucille Chase - Variety is the spice of life.

Vonica Chase - Softly speak and sweetly smile.

Robert Clarke - Here's to the red of it.

Bob Clemens - Honest men fear neither the light nor the dark.

Paul Clemons - Nothing is void of God; He Himself fits His work.

Kathleen Cochran - A quiet smile and a friendly face.

John Coleman - To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right, in peace and war, in council and in fight.

David Condon - A chapel now and then is good for the soul.

Alice Cornell - Study and delight.

Dietri Cornell - To be born with a gift of laughter makes life worth living.

James Crutcher - A man with a goal has a well-planned future.

James Cubie - The leader's indomitable soul.

Jack Daniel - What a frosty-spirited rogue is he.

Shirley Davis - One of the one's that Midas touched.

David Day - Not a burden, not a care.

NEW YORK: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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There is a lot of talk about the importance of the

James Delp - Self trust is the secret to success.

Douglas Dickson - May he walk the road of life with ease and happiness.

Sonya Dyke - Dark eyes--eternal soul of pride!

Rena Edelman - Still thinks the best whene'er she thinks at all.

David Erhardt - Between jest and earnest.

Dawn Engel - Silence is more eloquent than words.

Neil Esterbrook - And his driving is like the driving of Jehu.

Mary Evans - Without love and laughter there is no joy.

Darlene Ewings - Meek and quiet spirit.

Sally Eynon - Fine hair adds beauty to a good face.

Carolyn Fettermen - Of sunny composition is her disposition.

Robert Fair - That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant
smile.

Leon Figard - Heart and life, their plan is God's plan.

Donald Fish - Takes on adventures bold and hard.

Ann Freeland - A true friend is forever a friend.

Judity Gardner - Always cheerful, always gay with something nice and polite
to say.

Heinrich Gorodeckas - Magnificent spectacle of human gaiety.

James Grant - One of the greatest pleasures in life is conversation.

Malcolm Greaves - May he find his place and hold it well.

Patrick Greco - You think he's all fun.

Shirley Green - To others lenient, to herself most honest.

Linda Greene - Known as the "Root of all Evil," she keeps the hall in
constant upheaval.

Jean Griffin - Impress with quietness and beauty.

Lenora Griffin - Of spirit so still and quiet.

Wayne Griffin - We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we die, before
we laugh at all.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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1990-1991

Justice Gauthier - I want to say a few words about the second part of the report.

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Marcia Grube - Her hair is of an auburn color.

Rosemarie Guivens - All that we see or sense is but a dream within a dream.

Dave Hall - Everything comes of a man if a man will only wait.

James Haney - I know the things I know, and do the things I do.

David Hansen - His step is heavy but his humor is light.

Barbara Hapworth - A kind heart, a helping hand.

Roy Harding - Science carries us into speculation.

Bob Harding - A smile that showed friendship.

Jack Harshman - In basketball it surely seems, that Jack is always on
the team.

Kandy Haugh - It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice.

Jim Havens - You'll find us rough, but you'll find us ready.

Linda Hazen - Her ways are ways of pleasantness.

Dick Herring - A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description
of a happy state in this world.

Roy Hollis - True humor springs not more from the head than from the heart.

Brenda Houser - Meticulously neat, a pleasure to meet.

Bill Howard - A good mind is lord of a kingdom.

Carol Hunsberger - She is happiest when socializing.

Alan Hunter - A light heart lives long.

Martha Hunter - A smiling face, and a gentle way.

Barbara Jacobs - Happiness is found in quietness and truth.

Paul Johnson - He likes life as it comes.

Phyllis Johnson - The day is hers who works in it with serenity and great
aims.

David Johnston - To set the cause above renown, to love the game beyond the
price.

Jim Jones - Given Hamlet's choice, "To be or not to be," he chose unerringly
the vital first.

Heckle (John) - Her only is of course...

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J. Curtis Jones - Adversity's sweet milk philosophy.

Lee Karker - Diligence is the mother of good fortune.

Alan Keith - A knock-down argument; tis but a word and a blow.

Melody Kern - A sweet smile, a gay laugh, and a pleasant personality.

Charlotte Kierstad - Her friendly word lightens the way.

Sharon Kilpatrick - A dear heart and gentle person.

Carol King - There's a song in the air and a star in the sky.

Donna Kimball - In quietness shall be your strength.

Jim Kinder - A smile all around everything.

Susan King - As good as gold.

Carolyn Kingsbury - She entertains a cheerful disposition.

Joe Knox - No sooner said than done. So acts your man of truth.

Clyde Krikorian - Liked by all who meet him, unliked by none.

Ernie La Belle - He recognized God in his soul and acted.

Gary Larkin - Joyful and pleasant are his characteristics.

Kris Larsen - A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.

Lois LeBoeuf - So kind, so sweet; nice to know, nice to meet.

Dave LeFort - A guitar is a man's best friend.

Larry Lemmon - His eye begets occasion for his wit.

Phyllis Libby - One of those happy souls who are the salt of the earth.

Steve Lind - The destiny assigned to every man is suited to him and suits
him to himself.

Rodney Linger - He who is studious in his profession is learned.

Sally Long - Black eyes with a wondrous, witching charm.

Doris Lovejoy - Quietness is best.

Judy Lunden - Lips full of laughter and eyes full of joy.

David MacCuish - Happy the heart that sighed.

1950-1951

...and I hope it will be a success.

[illegible]

Bill MacLaren - So comely, so pleasant.

Sandy McClister - Success with a smile.

Valerie McCord - How pleasant is a smiling face.

Larry McCormick - Share a good man's smile; love a good man's spirit.

Sharon McDaniel - Peace is always beautiful.

Bonnie McGrew - Beauty lives with kindness.

Bette Macklem - The gladdest people living are those who administer to others.

Dottie Magee - Words, wit, and friendliness.

Bill Magnusson - Good nature covers a multitude of things.

Bill Malcomb - Neat and trimly dressed.

Rhoda Manchester - An active mind is sure to be the means of inspiration to others.

James Marlowe - As merry as the day is long.

Sharon Martin - Pleasant, sweet contentment.

Cynthia Martell - Quietly she works her way.

Jim Merrill - Serving my speciality--even in ping pong.

Linda Miller - Her air, her manners, all who saw admired.

Mary Moneypenny - It matters not how long we live, but how.

Harriet Moore - 'Tis easy enough to be pleasant.

Joyce Morgan - Ever the friend, faithful and just to all.

Bev Morrison - Consideration like an angel.

Ed Morrison - A man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

Niel Nichol - Truth is tough. You may kick it about all day like a football, and it will be sound and full at evening.

Kay Nissley - She who tries does succeed.

Vona Northrop - Friendliness more than common.

Wayne Oliff - Therefore if a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see fortune.

Bill Bachman - on Council, on planning.

Single-Collector - on the way to a new...

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Betty Oliver - A coy expression and a wink so sly, make some men look
and some men die.

Stan Oliver - Gladness of heart is the life of this man.

John Ortman - In the mountains of truth, you never climb in vain.

Loretta Ours - Her quality rings true.

Paul Overholt - Success lies in labor.

Roger Paine - Seek not brief delight, but eternal satisfaction.

Bethany Parsons - Sweet and fair she seems to be.

Loraine Patriquin - Friendship is golden.

Steve Patton - Wisdom is born with this man.

Mike Perrow - Energy and persistence conquer all things.

Kathy Pfautz - To go out and do good.

Joyce Phillips - A light heart lives long.

Terry Phillips - A merry heart makes for a merry countenance.

Judy Pickering - The quiet mind is richer than a crown.

Al Peirson - He gives the world the best he has, and the best will
come back to him.

Dianne Platt - She that hath music in her heart shall have a continual feast.

Dottie Poole - Her ways are ways of pleasantness.

Sharon Post - Sparkling eyes and friendly smile.

Patricia Powers - A woman is such by nature.

Luane Pringle - Life is best when tinged with romance.

Bob Pulkkinen - I know my God commands, whose power no power resists.

Jean Reeve - Adventures are to the adventurous.

Linda Reinhert - How much lies in laughter.

Suzanne Rhoad - Quietly and without fear.

Pauline Rice - Do your work well and the world will notice you.

Hoy Richards - And the clattering car went pouring forward with
impetuous speed.

[illegible]

12-10-68

[illegible]

1950 - 1951

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U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

[illegible]

3. The first two items are the same as in the first two items of the first list.

Excluded from the scope of the present study are:

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John R. ... - ...

1991-1992

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[illegible]

4-90 2,0039

Sharon Ricketts - All succeeds with people who are sweet and cheerful.

Chandler Robbins - A light heart lives long.

Patricia Robbins - Where your treasure is, there may your heart be also.

Debbie Rowe - Her quality rings true.

Susan Sarkissian - Friend more divine than all divinities.

Andy Satta - Manners make the man.

Esther Schlosser - Needs only to be seen to be admired.

Linda Schmidt - With faith comes love, the sweet treasure of heaven.

Barbara Schurter - A winning way, a pleasant smile.

Madelyn Scott - A generous friendship.

Sue Seyfarth - Golden hair, like sunlight streaming.

Roberta Shackelford - A willing heart and a helpful hand.

Rachel Shedlezky - Inquisitive, acute and dexterous.

Linda Sively - So sweet of soul and fair is she.

Charles Skanes - To others lenient, to himself sincere.

Everett Smith - A gentleman by nature, a scholar by education, recorded by v

Bill Smith - Gaiety makes the man.

John Somers - The living ray of intellectual fire.

Paula Staples - Happiness is found in quietness and truth.

George Starsmire - Let us be merry.

Mitch Staude - Worthy books are not companions--they are solitudes;
we lose ourselves in them and all our cares.

Carol Steinmeyer - She entertains a cheerful disposition.

Pat Sterling - A quiet smile and a winsome glance.

Gary Stokes - To him music is more than the work of his hands.

Cheryl Sutherland - The search for adventure is the vent which destiny
offers.

Chuck Taylor - A fresh, a free, a sincere and friendly man.

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Marty Templar - Tall and fair, soft spoken is she.

Kathy Tenny - Cute, petite and sweet.

Esther Thomas - Sweet her manner and quiet her way.

Tim Thomas - Mathematics opens many doors.

Joyce Tice - She likes studies, to her they easily come. She never neglects them, they're never undone.

Jim Tolliver - And I feel that I am happier than I know.

John Totin - A man worth his weight in gold.

Tim Trask - Let me but do my work from day to day.

Bob Trent - Each searches after success in his own selected way.

John Tucker - No man can tell what his future may bring forth.

Dan Vecchione - What should a fellow do but be merry.

Varlene Vigue - Both short and sweet they say is best.

Jeane Wade - The aim makes great the life.

Bob Wadleigh - God looks with favor at skillful hands.

Joan Wallace - A friend is known in necessity.

Nancy Wallace - Diligence has its rewards.

Barbara Walter - Activity is the spice of life.

Rick Ward - Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.

Kathie Warren - Petite and pretty.

Marjorie Watson - Nobility has its roots in industry.

Bill Webber - A keen sense of humor is his, a smile that endears him to all.

Virginia Wehr - Let her seek what luck betides her.

Herschel Werner - He binds captive the wheels of his glittering car.

Jaap Wesseldyk - The more knowledge a man possesses the greater he will be.

Eunice Westgate - Silence sweeter than speech.

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Sandy White - Silence is more eloquent than words.

Diana Whitley - Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it.

Linda Whitman - May your life be as bright as your hair and as pleasant
as your smile.

Gayle Wilcox - As full of spirit as the month of May.

Claudia Wilkin - The world seems made for fun and frolic.

Elmer Wilson - Ever the friend, faithful and just to all.

Sharon Wilson - A woman's mind is the force that moves the world.

Pat Winemiller - Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

Edward Winter - Plain dealing is the best when all is done.

Lorraine Woods - A true mind, sure as faith's own vow.

Judy Wright - A smile that glowed.

Donna Younce - To be born with a gift of laughter makes life worth living.

Sue Young - Vitality of life and tenderness of heart.

Bernie Zilinskas - Laugh and the world laughs with you.

André Vigne - William is a man of great power.

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Most Popular Sport

Popularity Doll

Popularity Doll

Most School Spirit



Ruth Young

Bob Harding

Mont School Spirit

Copyright 1998

Mont School

Best Dressed



Sharon Post

Wayne Oliff

Best Dressed

2nd Edition
1990-1991

Most Friendly



Linda Greene

Jim Jones

Most Friendly

Lincoln, Nebraska

Nov. 1900

Class Scholars



Phyllis Johnson

Jim Crutcher

Glass Scholars

1991-1992

1991-1992

Best Looking



Bonnie McGrew

Dan Vecchione

Best Looking

Best Smile



Donna Younce

Paul Albright

Best results

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Class Clowns



Valorie Anderson

Larry Lemmon

Glass Clowns

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Class Flirts



Dottie Magee

Jim Delp

Glass Flowers

By Mrs. F. C. Jones

1895

Class Shyest



Sue Bromley

Roger Paine

12/21/21

12/21/21

12/21/21

Class Musicians



Dianne Platt

Gary Stokes

Glass Musician

THE MUSICIAN

THE MUSICIAN

Most Courteous



Pat Winemiller

Everett Smith

Most Courts

THE COURT

OF THE

Most Athletic



Rhoda Manchester

Dave Johnston

Most Athletic

1900-1901

1902-1903

Dugoutites



Carol Hunsberger

John Ortman

Dugout

A final note of appreciation

to

Mr. John MacDonald

of the Bay State Bindery

and

The Alfred Brown Studios

whose

co-operation and assistance made

the Greenbook 1965

possible.

A final note of appreciation

to

Mr. John W. ...

and his family

and

the ...

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